

THE MIDNIGHT GUN.

July 27, 1857

shared at as much the decks, and a jollier of Rung. Then, Finnes, Lepp and Norwegian came from the rough boats, landing about our gangways. The north wind, blowing to us off the land, was filled with the perfume of dried codfish, train-oil and braining whale "scrag," with which, as we soon found, the whole place is thoroughly saturated.

There is one hotel in the place, containing half a dozen chambers of the size of a state-room. We secured quarters here with a great deal of difficulty, owing to slowness of comprehension on the part of an old lady who had charge of the house. The other American, who at first took rooms for himself and wife, gave them up again, very prudently; for the rooms of the billiard-room penetrated through the thin wooden partitions, and my bed, at least, had been slept in by one of the coarser aristocracy, for the stinky odor was so pungent that it kept me awake long long time. With our fare, we had less reason to complain. Fresh salmon, Arctic ptarmigan and reindeer's tongue were delicacies which would have delighted any palate, and the wine had really seen Bordeaux, although rainy weather had evidently prevailed during the voyage to the Hammerfest. The town lies in a deep hollow, enclosed by precipitous cliffs, on the south-western side of the island, whence the sun, now long past his mid-summer altitude, was not visible at midnight. Those of our passengers who intended returning by the "Nordkap" climbed the hills to get another view of him, but unfortunately did not reach the wrong summit, so that they did not see him after all. I was so fatigued, from the imperfect sleep of the sunny nights, and the crowd of new and exciting impressions which the voyage had given me, that I went to bed, but my friend sat up until long past midnight, writing, with curtains drawn.

Most of the travelers who push so far north as Hammerfest content themselves with one experience of the midnight sun, and return with the same steamer to Drontheim. A few extend their journey to the North Cape, and once a year, on an average, perhaps, some one is adventurous enough to strike across Lapland to Tornoe. The steamers, nevertheless, pass the North Cape, and during the Summer make weekly trips to the Vanger Fjord, the extreme eastern limit of the Norwegian territory. We were divided in opinion, whether to devote our week of sunshine to the North Cape, or to make the entire trip and see something of the northern coast of Europe but finally decided that the latter, on the whole, as being unsatisfactory ground, would be most interesting. The screw-steamer Gyller (one of Odin's horses) was lying in the harbor when we arrived, and was to leave in the course of the next night; so we lost no time in securing places, as she had but a small cabin and no state-rooms. Nevertheless, we have found her very comfortable, and in every respect far superior to the English vessels which ply between Hull and Christiania. Our fellow-travelers were all returning to Drontheim—except three Norwegian officers on their way to make an official inspection of the fortress of Warburg, and the last we saw of them was their return, an hour past midnight, from making a second attempt to see the sun from the hills. The night was somewhat obscured, and I doubt if they were successful.

When I came on deck yesterday morning, we were in the narrow strait between the island of Magerie, the northern extremity of which forms the North Cape, and the mainland. On either side, the shores of bare, bleak rock, spotted with patches of moss and stunted grass, rose precipitously from the water, the snow filling up their ravines from the summit to the sea. Not a tree nor a shrub, nor a sign of human habitation, was visible: there was no fisher's sail on the lonely waters, and only the cries of some sea-gulls, wheeling about the cliffs, broke the silence. As the strait opened to the eastward, a boat appeared, heading into Kjelvik, on the south-eastern corner of the island, but the place itself was concealed from us by an intervening cape. This is the spot which Von Buch visited, in the Summer of 1807, just fifty years ago, and his description would be equally correct at the present day. Here, where the scurvy carries off half the inhabitants, where pastors coming from Southern Norway die within a year, where no trees grow, no vegetables come to maturity, and gales from every quarter of the icy Sea beat the last faint life out of Nature, men will still persist in living, in apparent defiance of all natural laws. Yet they have at least an excuse for it, in the miraculous provision which Providence has made for their food and fuel. The sea and fords are alive with fish, which are not only a means of existence but of profit to them, while the wonderful Gulf Stream, which crosses five thousand miles of the Atlantic to die upon this Utlimus Thule in a last struggle with the Polar Sea, Unions Thule in a last struggle with the Polar Sea, pours up the spoils of tropical forests to feed their fires. Think of Arctic fishers burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco!

In the Spring months, there are, on an average, eight hundred vessels on the Northern Coast, between the North Cape and Vaasö, with a fishing population of five thousand men on board, whose average gain, even at the scanty prices they receive, amounts to \$30 apiece, making a total yield of \$150,000. It is only within a very few years that the Norwegian Government has paid any attention to this far corner of the peninsula. At present, considering the slender population, the means of communication are well kept up during eight months in the year, and the result is an increase (perceptible to an old resident, no doubt) in the activity and prosperity of the country.

On issuing from the strait, we turned southward into the great Foranger Fjord, which stretches nearly a hundred miles into the heart of Lapland, dividing Western from Eastern Finnmark. Its shores are high, monotonous hills, half covered with snow, and barren of vegetation, except patches of grass and moss. If once wooded, like the hills of the Alten Fjord, the trees have long since disappeared, and now nothing can be more bleak and desolate. The wind blew violently from the east, gradually lifting a veil of gray clouds from the cold, pale sky, and our slow little steamer, with jib and foretopsail set, made somewhat better progress. Toward evening (if there is such a time in the Arctic Summer), we reached Kietrand, the principal settlement on the fjord. It has eight or nine houses, scattered along a gentle slope a mile in length, and a little red church, but neither gardens, fields, nor potato patches. A strip of grazing ground before the principal house was yellow with dandelions, the slope behind showed patches of brownish-green grass, and above this melancholy attempt at Summer stretched the cold, gray, snow-streaked ridge of the hill. Two boats, manned by sea-Lapps, with square, blue caps, and long, ragged locks of yellow hair fluttering in the wind, brought out the only passenger and the mails, and we put about for the mouth of the fjord.

The vertical strain of the rock, worn into sharp points at the top and gradually broadening to the base, with numberless scathed ornaments and channels furled by the rain, make the resemblance marvellous, when seen under the proper effects of light and shade. The latter in which we saw it had the effect of enchantment. There was a play of gleams upon it, such as one seen in illuminated church halls, and I am almost afraid to say how much I was enraptured by scenes which has not its equal on the whole Norwegian coast, yet of which none of us had heard before.

We had a single passenger—a Government Surveyor, apparently on the hosp of rocks beyond, and ran out under the northern headland, which, again, charmed us with a glory peculiarly its own. Hence, the colors were a part of the substance of the rock, and the sun but heightened and harmonized their tones. The huge projecting masses of pale yellow had a mellow gleam, like golden shafts; behind them were cliffs, violet in shade; broad strata of soft red, tipped on the edges with vermilion; thinner layers, which shot up vertically to the light of four or five hundred feet and striped the splendid sea-wall with lines of bronze, orange, brown and dark-red, and great rents and breaks, interrupting these marvellous frescoes with their dashes of uncertain gloom. I have seen many wonderful aspects of Nature, in many lands, but rock-painting such as this I never beheld. A part of its effect may have been owing to atmospheric conditions which must be rare, even in the North; but, without such embellishment, I think the sight of this coast will nobly repay any one for continuing his voyage beyond Hammerfest.

We lingered, in fact, as point after point revealed some change in the dazzling diorama, unceremonious in which was finest, and whether something still grander might not be in store. But at last Nordkyn drew nigh, and at 3 o'clock the light became that of day, white and colorless. The north-east wind blew keenly across the Arctic Ocean, and we were both satisfied and fatigued enough to go to bed. It was the most northern point of our voyage—about 19° 20', which is farther north than I ever was before, or ever wish to be again.

A. T.

FROM BOSTON.

(Continued from the N. Y. Tribune.)

BOSTON, Wednesday, Oct. 7, 1857.

The Republican State Committee held a meeting to-day for the purpose of considering the important matter of uniting the two State tickets now headed by Mr. Banks. The "American" State ticket, which was first nominated, is as follows: For Governor, N. P. Banks; Lieutenant-Governor, Philipaet Trask of Springfield; Secretary of State, Moses L. Rogers of Worcester; Treasurer, Mosess Tenney, jr., of Georgetown; Auditor, Chandler B. Ransom of Roxbury; Attorney-General, John H. Clifford. Messrs. Tenney, Ransom and Clifford re-nom in office. Some days ago, *The Bee*, which is the organ of the American wing of the Banks party, took down Mr. Ransom's name, that gentleman having declared his purpose of supporting Gov. Gardner. The Republican ticket, consisting of Mr. Banks for Governor, with the following associates: Lieut.-Governor, Oliver Warner of Northampton; Treasurer, Thomas J. Marsh, jr., of Athol; Auditor, Volorus Tait of Upton; Secretary of State, Joseph White of Lowell; Attorney-General, Stephen H. Phillips of Salem. Mr. Phillips was placed upon the ticket by the State Committee, Mr. T. D. Eliot of New-Bedford, the nominee of the Convention, having declined.

I understand that Messrs. Warner, White and Tait, on the Republican ticket, to-day signified their willingness to withdraw. Mr. Marsh is now in Kansas, and is understood to be willing to withdraw his resignations were accepted, and a Conference Committee was appointed to arrange with the Banks Americans a new ticket. It is understood that when the vacancies are filled, the ticket will present the following appearance: For Governor, N. P. Banks; Lieut.-Governor, Philipaet Trask; Attorney-General, Stephen H. Phillips; Secretary of State, Oliver Warner; Auditor, Joseph White; Treasurer, Mosess Tenney, jr. Messrs. Tait and Marsh are dropped from the Republican ticket, and Messrs. Ransom, Rogers and Clifford from the American. Messrs. White and Warner are placed in the situations on the ticket. I presume that the arrangement will be carried out. There is a good deal of opposition in the Republican Committee to this arrangement. Messrs. Rodney French, Charles G. Davis and Joseph M. Day opposed the arrangement, but they were overruled. Mr. Davis then resigned his place on the Committee. He will hereafter act with the "Straight Republicans."

The annual meeting of the Central Division of the New-England Protective Union took place to-day at Chapman Hall. This institution is a well-sustained, and in a considerable degree, a successful effort, to transact business for the people without the intervention of non-paying agents. It is a class who come between the buyer and seller, and absorb a vast part of the money engaged in business. It makes but little public show, but, in its way, saves a large sum of money to the people. At different times since its organization there have been about 750 divisions organized. They exist in all of the New-England States, and also in New-York, and in some of the Western States. A few of them are as far West as Michigan and Illinois. Probably the whole number now in operation is about five hundred. New ones are organized every year, and others are discontinued. Some of them are sold out to individuals; others are disbanded; others disconnect themselves from the Parent Division, and proceed on their own account. Within the last three or four years, a scheme as occurred in the body, and there are now two agencies in this city, both claiming to be legitimate. I believe, however, that the Union which met to-day presents the only claim to legitimacy, if it is a question of any importance. From 30 to 50 delegates were present. In the absence of the President, Mr. Phelps of Vermont, a Vice President presided. William F. Young was Secretary. Mr. Robert Littler read a report of the Board of Trade, wherein it appeared that for the last year the Boston Agency had been in three different hands, and purchases for the quarter ending Jan. 1, 1857, were by Mr. Devereux, and amounted to \$22,131 68; for the first six months of 1857, by Mr. P. Devereux and Daniel Allen, \$235,241 53; from July to Oct., 1857, by Mr. Allen, \$145,357 78. The total for the year, \$392,331 29. The amount of produce forwarded to and sold by the Central Division during the last year was \$135,326 22. The purchases by the year, were \$523,000. Whole amount of purchases in Boston and New-York, \$775,331 29. The fiscal agency of Mr. Knibb had been asked to do business of some \$1,500,000 a year, but the other side say that Mr. K.'s agency cannot not confine itself, like Mr. Allen's, to the business of the divisions. Whether this is correct or not I cannot say, nor do I know that the question is important. I am informed that the agencies do but small part of the actual business of the five hundred divisions, which probably amounts to some five millions of dollars a year. Mr. Young stated that he practiced which some of the sub-divisions had fallen into, especially in the hard times of the last year, of doing business on credit, has now been wholly stopped, and that the Union is in a perfectly sound and healthy condition. The government of the divisions was only effected from the agency. It expenses were but \$75 last year, and there is a balance of \$49 in the treasury. An assessment of three cents on each member pays this expense.

In the afternoon, reports were received from 43 divisions, comprising 2,643 members. The amount of capital of these divisions is \$105,518 13. Amount of their trade for the year, \$741,233 13.

The Buchanan men in the State are doing all they can to keep the Union from becoming an interminable strain. The Baltimore *Times* says: "It is an undeniable fact that his conduct in the Congress of the United States fully proves that Henry Winter Davis is an Abolitionist," and thinks the voters of his district all certainly "do not adopt the misadvised policy of rejecting this Mr. Davis."

The *Federalist* writes in another language in relation to the action of H. W. Hoffman, and adds: "We will all show that the voters of Davis and Hoffman with the Black Republicans were part of a malignant plan! That with the Know-Nothingism was the Emancipationist in Missouri for Governor, it was at the development of the conspiracy by which the terrible wrong of Abolitionism is to be introduced in the State under the name of Democracy, and the sample and support of the conviction will be more and overwhelming."

The *Local Democrat* foams and howls incessantly about "Abolitionism and Black Republicanism," and accuses the *Baltimore Clipper*, for having spoken favorably of the Cleveland Emancipation Convention, of "spreading the virus of Abolitionism broadcast over the State." The *Eastern Star* asks, Is the Know-Nothing party reliable for the South? Can slaveholders give countenance and support to such a party, by voting for its candidates for any office?" and alleges that the fact of an Emancipationist having been elected Governor in Missouri, has created a general doubt throughout the South as to the reliability of that party on the question of slavery.

"The day in which the South is most interested," also acknowledges its readers that "if slaveholders also sympathize up to themselves and the South, they would lead a man, vote for Col. Groome and the whole Democratic ticket." And so might I go on quoting from all the presses of the sham Democracy Maryland but it is unnecessary. I have given enough from them to show that "the idea which they wish to keep most prominent," before the people during the present campaign is that the "updated, down-at-the-head faction whose sentiments they echo, is the only party true to the interests of the South (mind you, they never mention interests of the Union—they are nothing in comparison with the interests of the 347,000 slaveholders who are denominated the South), and that now-Nothingism is the ally and bosom friend of public opinion. One of the journals even which I am quoted goes so far as to assert that it will show the people of Maryland the phenix that will arise from the ashes of Know-Nothingism here, and that it will be the same old Yankee Abolitionism!"

The "proscriptive features of Know-Nothingism" led to be the point of attack upon which all the democratic orators and newspapers in this State concentrated; but they appear to have entirely deserted that, so they might be able the more effectively to give Abolitionism its place. What the Democracy mean by Abolitionism is rather difficult to find, in their political vocabulary. If a man expresses himself in opposition to the Kansas-Nebraska equity and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, he is instantly put down as an Abolitionist. If he is in favor of Free Soil for Free white men, or opposed to the extension of Slavery into territory free, he is an Abolitionist. If he thinks every white laborer is degraded by being brought in competition with black Slave labor, he is an Abolitionist. If he thinks either the Federal or State Government has any right to interfere with Slavery any time, in any place or in any way, except to protect it, he is an Abolitionist. If he doesn't believe in slavery under the Constitution, in any Free State or Territory, he is an Abolitionist. If he doesn't believe in slavery the greatest blessing ever vouchsafed to mankind, and also that the country where it has not an existence is supremely cursed and God-forsaken, he is an Abolitionist. If he does not hold the Declaration of Independence "a self-evident lie," or at least "a bundle of gitting generalities," he is an Abolitionist. If, to him, to up the whole, he doesn't believe it to be the title of every man who is able, to own two or three niggers, to harp them soundly every morning before breakfast, and, moreover, to vote the democratic ticket and endorse all the abolitionists that party, he is an Abolitionist.

Thus stands the contest in Maryland. All the tutors and prelates of the Democracy are insisting upon it that Abolitionism is the most prominent issue involved in the contest, and that if the Democrats don't carry the State it is because they are pro-Slaphar Black Republicanism, and one that will pierce the hearts of the friends of Free-Soilism as well as those of Americanism. They have determined it shall be so. Nothing else will satisfy them, a good people of Maryland, they tell us, must decide whether they prefer Abolitionism to democracy. We will watch the result, and hear at it they say after the November election.

FROM KANSAS.

Every notice of Joe Churchill Gazette.

DONIPHAN, K. T., Sept. 3, 1857.
A trip along the river towns and into the north-east corner of the Territory, convinced me that there is a great difference between the popular sentiment here in the valley of the Kansas. In the Kansas valley, on its tributaries, the people are more radical. Here the agricultural interest predominates, while in the north-east corner of the Territory, the people are more indifferent to concerns for human rights, and a little more inclined to despotic usurpations. Quite near the mouth of the Kansas, and Doniphan, midway between that point and the Nebraska border, are only two genuine Free State towns on the river—Harrison and Leavenworth. The Free-State people are already impatient about the prospects of the election, and in fear of an invasion. Here there is more conscience. It is hard to determine what the result will be, as the cry of an important decision, in which the Free-State men contend that they are a majority of the bonafide inhabitants are going to participate, yet in which the powers and arrangements all against them. The bogus laws, the appropriation, and the Judges are on the side of their opponents.

Many are disheartened; others are still hopeful. Animations have been made on both sides—the Freemen men igniting their candidates "National Democrats," though this party is made up entirely of those who have joined in the Pro-Slavery crusade. For the time they have taken the stamp in this canvass, and are no longer in making any distinction. Some probably did not expect to do so, their design being merely to give a color of regularity to their proceedings outside of Kansas.

Governor Walker has ordered the Free State volunteers, armed to protect the ballot box, to be disbanded, and directed to Gen. Lane's office to place them at his disposal. This morning the Free State men estimated that number of them will be unnumbered at any point. That the Pro-Slavery sentiment is not dead, is evident from the effort recently made to remove the Land Office from Doniphan. When the office was located here it was thought to be a Pro-Slavery town. Gen. Lane, however, decided to make it a neutral ground at that time, and it has now a different political character. The attempt to remove the Land Office, though it was lately reported to have succeeded, has failed fully. It cannot be done.

We learn from a gentleman that returned from the Nebraska Agency from St. Louis, where it has been located for many years, to this city, and that retrary station will probably be appointed to take a change of it. [Leavenworth Times.]

FRANK BREAK.—From a letter received by O. N. Taylor, Esq., of the city, dated Eliza, Oct. 6, we learn that no account had passed east of that place for some days, on account of a break which occurred at London. The break was caused by the heavy rain, which broke passed, and it soon after again began to flow. Alb. Journal, Oct. 6.

THE BRICK PAPERS. The chief hint, say that the break was repaired. Some ideas of the difficulty in repairing it may be had, when it is stated that it was 150 to 180 feet in length, close by and a part of a mile. The water covered some nine acres of land, and a barn filled with hay and left it, when water subsided, upon a bank of gravel some four feet high.

RECIPE FOR LOVE.—A wretched victim of misanthropic confidence, named Wm. H. Hunt, committed suicide in Iowa last, under the following circumstances: He had been paying serious attentions to a young lady, and seeing her ride past with another friend, and knowing that they would soon return, went and hung himself upon an apple tree by the roadside, in full view of the lady and his rival, and

DECEASED TO LEMER.—A lady, residing in the village of Stamford, Conn., was very severely burned on Friday evening last in the following manner: She had been applying to wash a cake of soap off and had enveloped in a blanket, the dress was not extinguished by the lady was so much injured, that she died.